

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

As best I know, there were no bare-chested crowds, T-shirts twirled around their fists, shouting “WHUP - WHUP” when I was born ... which makes for a short autobiography.

Thing is, the same can be said for most of us - I assume ... Homo erectus right on down to Herman Melville. But you gotta believe, too, at least a couple of us were / are kind-of cool – you know, in our own way. I mean, shouts of ‘WHUP’ aren’t everything.

So there I was, 1946 – a post-war baby ... sure, “pre“ a mess of other wars, just “post“ the latest fracas. Years later, I’m off to a monastery. I loved the dark, empty chapel ... the smell of bees-wax candles ... incense ... silence ... it was sublime.

But Karen somebody screwed all that up for me. Oh, she didn’t actually DO anything. I just saw her one Sunday outside chapel and almost swallowed my tongue. So much for the priesthood!

Years of the usual ensued ... school, girls, fighting off a pervert next to me on the Greyhound ... drafted - yea, another war ... more school ... more girls ... and jobs ... lots of, of – what’s that your President calls ‘em? – shitholes! - yea, lots of shithole jobs ... on and on, world without end, amen ... But it did end ... finally. Thank God.

*Everything ends, you know. The good, the bad ... everything. Sooner or later.
Even “nothing” ends ... and that’s my point, really.*

You see, I died last year. Oh, you think you see me, hear me, but - I’m dead - and everything I lived for ... huh ... well, there’s a conundrum ... I hadn’t lived for anything ... no ambitions ... no grand goals or schemes ... *[pause]* ... well, save one, perhaps ...

[silence, then resigned]

All of which is fine. Like I said ... everything ends ... but here’s the rub ... what do I have to show for it? Is there anything, in the end, other than an alleluja-and-thank-you-Jesus, goodbye-and-amen that I have to show for pumping all this CO2 into the atmosphere? And the answer to that ... well ... that’s another story ... for another day ...

... I gotta go ... turns out, after you die, there’s still too much to do ... me? gate duty – oh, not the pearly one ... that job’s reserved for the big shots ...

[begins to leave ... stops]

Oh, and hell? You know – heaven and hell, all that? Well, you’re in it ... believe me ... it only gets better after this.